

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Colne Lancashire Christmas a meal left out for the Bogart .

The small town of Colne in Lancashire was bustling with excitement as Christmas approached. The spirit of the holiday filled the air, and families prepared for a day of celebration and merriment. But little did they know that a mysterious presence would make this Christmas one to remember.

In the quaint cottage nestled on the outskirts of town, lived a family unlike any other. Auntie May and Uncle Albert were known for their kind hearts and warm hospitality. Despite the hardships of the time, they always found a way to bring joy to others. This Christmas was no exception.

Auntie May had a special tradition that she followed every year. She believed in the legends of the old, tales of magical creatures that roamed the Earth. One such creature was the Bogart, a mischievous spirit known to visit homes during the Christmas season. Auntie May firmly believed that if you left a meal out for the Bogart on Christmas night, it would bring good fortune and blessings upon the household for the coming year.

Uncle Albert, being a practical man, often teased Auntie May about her beliefs. But deep down, he admired her unwavering faith in the unknown. He decided to support her tradition and secretly joined in on the preparations.

As Christmas Eve arrived, Auntie May and Uncle Albert diligently prepared a sumptuous feast. The tantalizing aroma of roasted poultry filled the kitchen, and colorful vegetables were lovingly arranged on the table. They laughed and joked as they cooked, their hearts brimming with anticipation.

Night fell, and a soft snow began to blanket the town. Auntie May carefully set the feast on a beautifully adorned platter and placed it outside their front door. She whispered a silent prayer, hoping that the Bogart would accept their offering and bless their home.

Inside the warm cottage, Auntie May and Uncle Albert snuggled by the fireplace, sipping hot cocoa and sharing stories of Christmases past. The clock struck midnight, signaling the arrival of Christmas Day.

Suddenly, a gentle breeze rustled the curtains, and the sound of faint footsteps echoed through the house. Auntie May and Uncle Albert exchanged excited glances, their hearts filled with anticipation. They quietly crept towards the door, their eyes wide with wonder.

As they opened the door, they couldn't believe their eyes. There, standing in front of them, was a tiny, ethereal figure. The Bogart had come to visit. Its eyes sparkled with mischief, and a mischievous grin played on its lips.

Auntie May and Uncle Albert welcomed the Bogart into their home with open arms. It danced and twirled, bringing an air of magic to the room. The couple laughed and joined in the festivities, forgetting all their worries and sorrows.

As the night wore on, the Bogart vanished as mysteriously as it had appeared, leaving Auntie May and Uncle Albert with hearts full of joy and gratitude. They knew that the legend was true, and their faith had been rewarded.

From that day forward, the townspeople of Colne heard of Auntie May and Uncle Albert's encounter with the Bogart. They began to embrace the tradition, leaving meals out for the magical creature, hoping for a visit and a touch of enchantment in their own lives.

Years passed, and the tale of the Bogart and Auntie May and Uncle Albert's Christmas feast became a cherished legend in Colne. The spirit of generosity and belief in the unknown spread throughout the town, making every Christmas a time of wonder and miracles.

And so, every Christmas Eve, families in Colne continued the tradition, leaving a meal out for

the Bogart. They believed in the power of faith, kindness, and the magic that could be found in the most unexpected of places.

By Donald Jay.